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One of **DUNKERLEY & FRANK'S** Beautifully-finished Umbrella's, on Fox's Celebrated Frames, retail at Manufacturers' Prices, at 7, Swan Street, Manchester.

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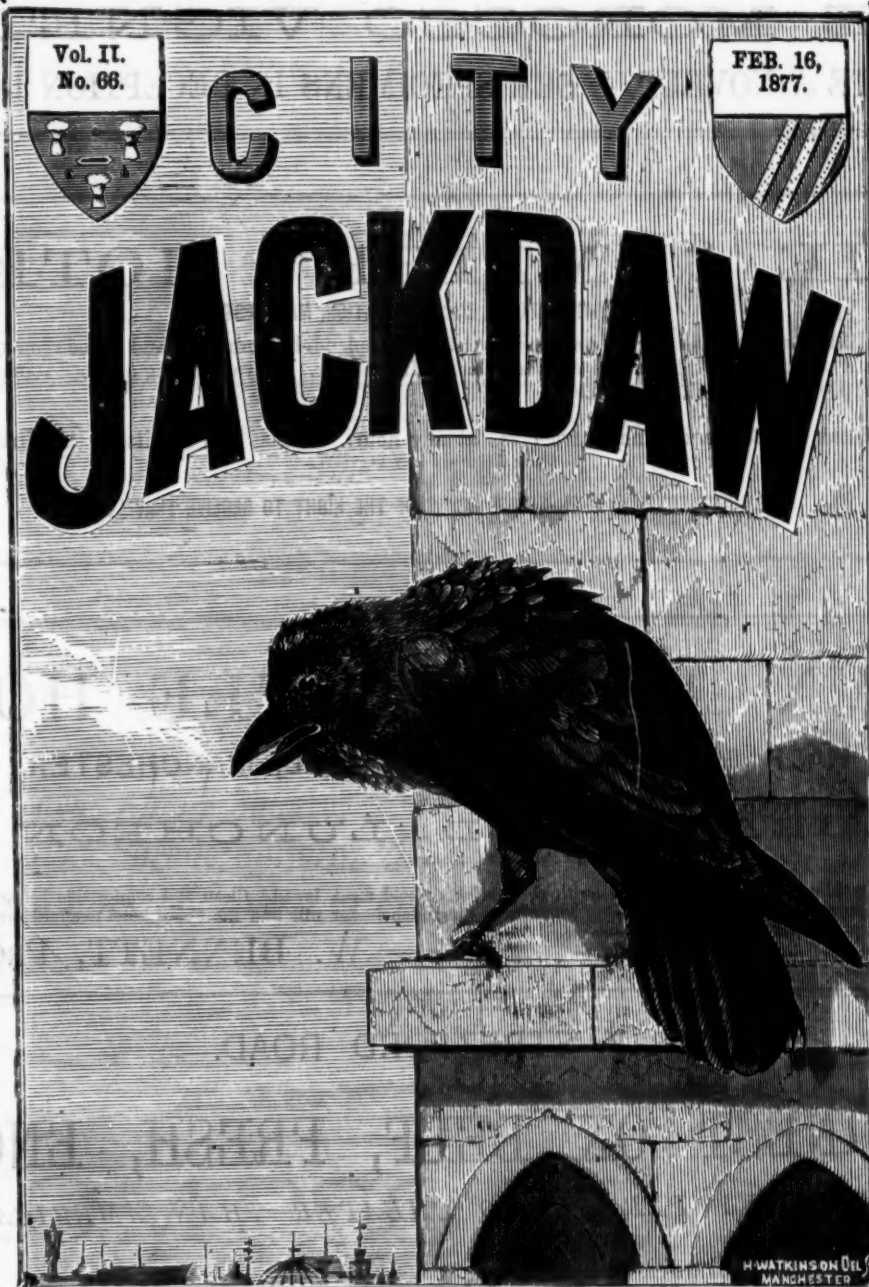
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THE STOCK EXCHANGE LUNCHEON BAR.

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A Large Stock of Magic Lanterns and Slides. Opera, Race, Field, and Marine Glasses in Great Variety. Spectacles and Artificial Eyes accurately adapted.

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[Price One Penny.

THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE.

R. BANKS, of 73a, Market Street, and 73, Alexandra Road,
HAS JUST INTRODUCED INTO HIS STUDIO

THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE,
QUITE A NOVELTY. SEE SPECIMENS IN RECEPTION ROOM.

THE "EMPIRE" HOTEL,

ADJOINING VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION, MANCHESTER.

Visitors will find above hotel, which contains seventy beds, splendid commercial and coffee rooms, large bar and billiard room, one of the most comfortable in Manchester. Private sitting and bed rooms en suite. Twelve fireproof and other stock rooms.

Chop or Steak, 1s. 6d.; and Dinners from 2s., at any hour. Wines and Spirits of the First Quality.

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Dinners—soups, joint, puddings, or tart, 1s. 6d. Tea—with chop, steak, or cold meat, 1s. 4d. Clean and comfortable beds. Billiard, smoke, and coffee rooms. Private room for ladies. Commercial gentlemen visiting Manchester will find the above hotel to afford every accommodation at strictly moderate charges. Choice wines, spirits, cigars, &c.

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HALFPENNY PER POUND CHEAPER THAN AMERICAN.

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JOHN ASHWORTH & CO., THOMAS STREET AND HIGH STREET, MANCHESTER.

ON VIEW.—MISS THOMPSON'S

"BALACLAVA"

MR. W. E. HAMER

Is NOW EXHIBITING this GRAND NATIONAL PICTURE at the ROYAL INSTITUTION, Mosley St.

HOURS, TEN TO FIVE. ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING.

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57, Cross St., near Albert Square; 2, Alexandra Road, Moss Side; 12, Bury New Road; 17, Bank Parade, Salford; 296, Regent Road, Salford; 42, Newport St., Bolton; and Rock St., corner of Eden St., Bury, will be opened on 17th inst.

Where the **FINEST OX BEEF** and **MUTTON** will be sold at very reasonable prices.

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LAST WEEK!

THOMPSON'S SALE

HOSIER AND GLOVER, 15, ST. ANN'S STREET.

Removing to No. 5, four doors nearer Deansgate.

MANCHESTER MISSION, 1877.

IT being generally felt that some acknowledgment should be made of the labours of the Rev. W. J. KNOX-LITTLE during the recent Mission, and it being known that he is at present most anxious that NEW SCHOOLS should be erected and completed as early as possible in Cheetwood, a suggestion has been made that many would be glad to assist in carrying out an object in which he is so interested, as ONE PERMANENT MEMORIAL of the MANCHESTER MISSION of 1877.

If any to whom this suggestion may be acceptable, will kindly communicate, at an early date, with Mr. JOHN EVANS, 17, Brazennose Street, Manchester, arrangements will be made for a MEETING of those desirous of carrying out the project.

Manchester, February 12th, 1877.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 66.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

OUR PUBLIC MEN.

No. XII.—MR. ALDERMAN GRUNDY.

MR. ALDERMAN GRUNDY may be set down at once as perhaps the best all-round man among our municipal representatives. Unobtrusive and sober-minded, he bulks less in the public eye than some of his competitors who have less influence in the City Council. Perhaps because of a certain natural modesty, perhaps by reason of the peculiar cast of his mind, which likes to look all round a question before hasting to pronounce a conclusion, he is, though ready and effective in exposition and debate, one of the least frequent speakers in the Council. His habit is not lethargic, as a superficial onlooker might be excused at first for supposing, but rather judicial. When he does speak, therefore, he is a man listened to with exceptional regard and confidence as to one from whom may be expected a calm, clear, complete statement of a case which, at the same time, will be neither cold nor unsympathetic. His policy is comprehensive and large viewed, and his habitual industry, which might almost as fairly be described as plodding assiduity, gives him a perfect grasp and mastery of details. Fixed and definite in his own opinions, the processes, painful and exhaustive by which he has arrived at them, enabling him to see and understand an opponent's standpoint, gives him a happy knack of conciliation, founded on perfect appreciation, very effective in close debate when it is desirable to make converts, to win a victory of reason, or overcome honest doubts and difficulties. Mr. Grundy can and does deliver hard blows in debating, but they are delivered with discretion; they are always fair, and they are generally deserved. The Alderman's *physique*, without being in the popular sense aldermanic, is very much in his favour. He is tall and dignified in person, with an intellectual *bonhomie* beaming in his face. His voice is clear and strong, and well under command. He stands on his legs immovable and imperturbable, conveying the idea of possessing a reserve of force readily available. There are other tall men in the Council, most of whom, singularly enough, are leaders in debate, but none, somehow, suggest the same notion of solid strength. Mr. Alderman Bennett has a fine presence, no doubt, and much dexterity in debate, but there is a vague faint suggestion of gymnastic display running through his most serious performances. Mr. Alderman Patteson, for so large a man physically, is singularly delicate, superfine, and kid-gloved. The Mayor As Is, and the Mayor As Was, both men of good inches, are tediously verbose. Mr. Fox Turner's devil-may-care aggressiveness is generally entertaining, but the Ishmaelitic recklessness with which he showers his swashing blows is not calculated to win friends or conciliate foes. Mr. Grundy avoids most of the errors, while he possesses many of the excellencies, of these frequent debaters we have named; and he is endowed with a quality which is rather missing in all the others. His arguments are usually marked by an accumulating power, which grows imperceptibly until, before you are quite aware, the little heaped on little has acquired a crushing force that is at last applied with stunning effect. It is well that, having so much power when he chooses to employ it, Mr. Grundy is not afflicted with the disposition to use it as a giant. Once or twice when aggravated in personal discussion—and Mr. Grundy has his touchy points, and may be goaded almost into fury when the impeccability of the Carriage Company is called in question—his exercise of steam-hammer force in smashing a gnat has appeared almost like wanton cruelty.

Mr. Grundy, though a leading member of the most powerful committees of the Council, is not the leader of any one of them. He is not so specially

identified with any one as to be labelled like some of the other councillors, as, for example—Willert, Finance; Nicholls, Improvement; Grave, Water; King, Gas; Bennett, Watch; Heywood, Highways; Townsend, Nuisance. But he holds a prominent position on the select committees, whose duties are responsible and not disagreeable, which are the wished-for haven of ambitious, old, or distinguished members of the Council—Watch, Water, and Improvement. In difficult cases, where more than ordinary dexterity of fence has been required, he has been put forward as spokesman; and on one notable occasion, at least, his agis has been called into recognition to cover a debater so nimble as Mr. Alderman Bennett. We do not remember in many years, experience of the Council a more masterly statement and argument than that in which Mr. Grundy presented the case of the Watch Committee, in the collision which occurred a few years ago between the city magistrates and the Council with respect to jurisdiction over the police. The task set him was one of extreme delicacy. He had to defend an illegal practice carried on by the Watch Committee, which could only be excused on the ground of practical usefulness, in one of those aggravating exceptional cases where the plea of practical usefulness had failed. Whether he was absolutely successful in convincing all opponents on that occasion or not we do not know, but we believe that it is mainly owing to the impression he made that the Watch Committee retain the somewhat irregular, and free and easy it may be, but effective and smooth-working discipline which they still exercise. The only committee of which Mr. Grundy is chairman is that which has charge of the City Gaol, and it is perhaps the best compliment that can be paid to that body, or its chairman, that its proceedings are rarely heard of in the Council Chamber. By the system of carefully-regulated prison labour, which has been introduced under his regime, and his administration generally, many useful economies have been introduced, of which the ratepayers feel the benefit.

The scheme with which Mr. Grundy's name is specially identified is one that has been carried out within the last few years with great quietness, but in its effects has been tantamount to a revolution in our municipal government. Two years ago Manchester was an undigested conglomerate, without proper head, tail, or bottom. It was a congeries of adjoining townships, with almost as little affinity as might be found in a parish union. Each township was a "corporation sole" distinct, with its own committee, its own township and highway rates, and its own officials—accepting by arrangement from the Manchester Corporation a regulated supply of such commodities as gas, water, and police. The arrangement was as anomalous as could be well conceived, and fraught with expense and inconvenience in an irritating, and almost to an exasperating, degree. But in the course of its long existence there had sprung up fancied rights and vested interests, and local prejudices and jealousies, which presented serious obstacles to solidification and unification which were necessary alike in the interests of symmetry, good government, and economy. Mr. Grundy stood apart from parties; he was free from local bias (his residence in Broughton, outside the borough boundaries, being in this respect an advantage); he was skilful in finance, industrious in working out details, appreciative of the real difficulties of the case, ready in resource, persuasive in diplomacy, and all round eminently fair and to be trusted. Before, therefore, he introduced his scheme to the Council in a lucid statement which carried conviction in every sentence, his work had been practically done in committee. He was attacked by some critics for sacrificing the interests of Manchester to conciliate the out-townships, but, after all, it could only be said that the Manchester rates would

E. Jamieson & Co., Fashionable Tailors, Clearance Sale (Preparatory to Removing to their New Premises, 301 and 303, CHAPEL STREET.) Genuine Reduction. 275, Chapel St., Salford.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN, by aid of NITROUS OXIDE or LAUGHING GAS, warranted perfectly harmless, by S. J. JORDAIN, Dentist, 53, Piccadilly (opposite the Infirmary). Established twenty-five years.

probably be increased by one penny in the pound, and as it has turned out, the general rate only exceeds by one-tenth of a penny what would have been the old Manchester township and highway rate. In return for this the advantage has been gained of considerably decreased rates in the townships where most of the city merchants and shopkeepers dwell, through great saving in the collection and disbursement of rates, and greater efficiency in administration. Besides, the city has now on its hands at once three handsome and commodious town halls ready for disposal to the highest bidder. May the *Jackdaw* suggest, in passing, that the Hulme Town Hall might be worth the attention of the New School of Art Committee. It is ready-built, admirably adapted for the purposes of an art school, situated in the centre of a district of the town which is most densely inhabited by the class most likely to yield art students, and readily accessible from other parts of the town. Finally, through Mr. Grundy's scheme, Manchester has become a united city—and the concern he has taken in this fact is the only consideration which, in a measure, palliates the one aberration of his public life—voting for the title City instead of Town Hall. Mr. Grundy lays no claim to the authorship of the consolidated scheme which is now associated with his name. Twenty years ago the Town Clerk broached similar proposals. But the time was not ripe, and the property owners were rampant.

Mr. Grundy commenced his municipal career in November, 1857, and he was appointed to the aldermanic bench in June, 1863. He is one of the senior aldermen entitled to sit with the upper eight on the raised dais in the new Council Chamber. In his municipal work throughout he has been active, intelligent, and industrious. As a member of the Improvement Committee he devoted himself with characteristic energy to the development of the Deansgate Improvement, and his practical and shrewd counsel was of no little service to the ratepayers in the tedious negotiations and compromises which had to be conducted in order to satisfy the contending interests of the shopkeepers in that important thoroughfare. There could be no better evidence of his influence, and of the respect which his straightforward and manly views of the duties of a public man have secured for him, than the offer three times repeated to him of the mayoralty of this city. A thorough Liberal at heart, he has never carried politics into the Council. He warmly supported Mr. Alderman Curtis's first appointment as Mayor, believing, as all who have with an unbiassed judgment studied the public career of that gentleman, that he was eminently deserving of the honour. Mr. Grundy has been twice offered a seat on the city bench—first in 1868, and again last year, when he accepted the proffered honour. On the first occasion, the multiplicity of his private engagements prevented one with whom a conscientious sense of responsibility is a guiding principle from accepting duties which he did not clearly see his way adequately to fulfil. It is a somewhat odd circumstance, considering Mr. Grundy's pronounced attitude as a Liberal and a Dissenter, that the offer of promotion should in both cases have issued from Mr. Disraeli's Government.

In public life, outside the strict municipal path, Mr. Grundy has not much mixed. His name, however, is very familiar in connection with the Manchester Carriage Company, whose extensive business owes much to his financial skill—a particular in which he has few rivals either in the Corporation or out of it—and shrewd business tact. There are also admiring memories in commercial circles of a famous encounter which occurred between him and the late Mr. Edward James, at the Spring Assizes in 1866, when the sturdy town councillor, by superior information and coolness, was able completely to bowl out the burly Q.C. in a hammer and tongs encounter of a kind in which the latter rarely found his match.

Mr. Grundy is a nephew of the late Rev. John Grundy, formerly one of the ministers of Cross Street Unitarian Chapel—a gentleman who, in his day, delivered rather celebrated courses of lectures on most of the controverted points of Christian doctrine, one of which roused the fervid antagonism of the late Rev. Mr. Gadsby, and other champions of orthodox

belief. Mr. Grundy is understood to hold firmly the traditional faith of his family, and though it is not his habit to obtrude his belief in and out of season, he never disavows or for a moment conceals it—nor on suitable occasions hesitates to declare it. The confidence and respect in which he is held by his household of faith are shown, amongst other ways, in the fact of his holding the position of Chairman and Treasurer of the Memorial Hall in Albert Square—an institution held on a perfectly open trust as regards theological points, but practically in the hands of the Unitarians.

MORAL SONG.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]



OME hither, child, and list again
Unto your parent, who
His views will further now explain
On what you should not do.

When in the room alone, my boy,
You should not steal the jam;
And then, to screen yourself, employ
A falsehood, lie, or cram.

For if you say you did not take
That jam, although you did,
By reason of the mess you make
The truth will not be hid.

It is no good to tell a lie—
Indeed, it is no use—
For you will be convicted by
Your mouth all stained with juice.

The currant is a juicy thing,
The cherry also stains;
From each the mark of pilfering
In evidence remains.

It only aggravates the crime
To tell those useless lies,
Besides, why steal, when you in time
Will taste that fruit in pies?

Remember how Sennacherib—
But stay, I may be wrong,
'Twas somebody who told a fib,
His name was queer and long—

What did he do? Just wait a bit,
'Tis odd, upon my word;
I really can't get hold of it,
It's really quite absurd.

Now, who the devil—Once I said
That you bad words should shun?
My boy, you shall be sent to bed
Without the usual bun.

A child that's good will never call
His parent's language bad;
Just hold your tongue, or we shall fall
To loggerheads, my lad.

And you will get the worst of it,
As your experience
Will tell you, so restrain your wit—
At least, at my expense.

DIALOGUES OF THE DAY.

SCENE.—*The Royal Institution. Mr. C. ROWLEY, jun., and Mr. GEORGE WALLIS, meeting.*

Mr. Rowley. I say, Wallis, I see you have been writing to the papers about me—but I really can't make your letter out.

Mr. Wallis. Oh, indeed. I only wrote to put you right on your ideas of art.

Mr. Rowley. Well, at any rate, you'll admit that I am an authority.

Mr. Wallis. An undoubted authority.

Mr. Rowley. And you really think that I know what I am writing about?

Mr. Wallis. Of course, I do, or the newspapers wouldn't have inserted your letter. You don't think the Manchester City Council would have put you on the ——— Committee unless you knew something about scavenging.

Mr. Rowley. Well, scavenging is a matter which can't well be applied to art.

Mr. Wallis. Just the observation I made when I saw your letter.

Mr. Rowley. But still you think I do know a little about art?

Mr. Wallis. A little. You remember what I said in my letter, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*?

Mr. Rowley. Oh, yes, I understand Latin. [Aside.] I would like to know what he means by it.

Mr. Wallis. Don't you think it was very apt? Just so; good day!

[Aside.] What I meant, though I didn't like to tell him, was that "a gilder ought to stick to his frames."

MY VALENTINE.

I WROTE my love a valentine,
The sentiments were tender;
I'm sure that it contained no line,
Or word, that could offend her.
I owned myself her humble slave,
Not worth consideration;
Yet for my suit I dared to crave
A word of approbation.
I mentioned hearts, and darts, and smarts;
I spoke of groans and sighing;
I hinted here and there, in parts,
That I of love was dying.
I mentioned, now I recollect,
How patiently I'd waited;
And begged my suit she'd not reject,
But let us soon get mated.
I polished up those lines until,
By dint of each correction,
Although the effort made me ill,
They nearly reached perfection.
No maiden surely ever had
A more gallant young man, sir;
I sent the letter by a lad,
And waited for an answer.
I waited several days, and thought
I had, perhaps, exceeded,
By saying more than lover ought,
Or less than what was needed.
I questioned with myself, and grew
Quite evidently thinner;
I could not touch that Irish stew
I used to like for dinner.
It struck me, as a last resource,
In sheerest desperation,
To make inquiries—though, of course,
It reached its destination.
My landlady had sent for beef,
She wanted it to roast it—
My letter thus had come to grief—
The boy forgot to post it!

REJECTED CONTRIBUTION.

THE article given below has been sent to us, and though we do not agree with all that is said, we deem it worth giving. The Bishop said, speaking at Leigh, last week, that he thought the *Jackdaw* could not live without him: he will have to be placed in this column for the future.

THE WEAK SIDE OF THE BISHOP.

STEADFASTNESS and a single mind are qualities which all are agreed in attributing to the Bishop of Manchester as an ecclesiastic and a public

man, and as the Bishop is continually before the public it is the very manifestation of these excellencies which invites criticism. The criticisms which we are about to make, however, must in the nature of the case be of a kindly nature, dealing rather with points of method than of detail. It is, in fact, the Bishop's own personal comfort and repute that are touched by the weak side of his character, rather than the efficacy of his work. It may be said broadly that every public man has a weak side to his character, and that none who are worth anything succeed in concealing it. Bishop Fraser, however, seems to have a peculiar talent for laying bare his weaknesses, which on first impressions might shallowly be identified with carelessness. Those who have studied and appreciated the Bishop's character will know that this is not so. If his lordship occasionally appears to be reckless, it is in the cause of what all men think to be truth; if he is often inconsiderate, rash, and impulsive, it is for the sake of furthering what he deems to be right. The definition and understanding of what is true and right may very safely be left in the hands of Dr. Fraser, and therefore, as we said before, what may fairly be called his eccentricities are to be deplored as simply damaging to himself. It must very often be with considerable pain and regret that the Bishop reads the constantly recurring reports of his utterances in the daily papers. It is very easy and colloquial to use, in talking to cabmen, such a phrase as, "Hang your church! drive me to Stockport;" but this expression does not read with any dignity in the subsequent report. Believing, as we do, that the Bishop of Manchester used this, as he uses other out of the way phrases, with the simple desire to be homely in his speech, and be all things to all men, and having no idea in him at the time of speaking of the humorous side of what he said, we can find some excuse for the speaker. But homeliness in verbal diction when reported for the general reader is apt to be transformed into extravagance and even vulgarity. The weak side of the Bishop, therefore, is all the more aggravated in that in speaking he seems too often to ignore the fact that there are such things as newspapers in existence. We know that a different view is prevalent, but are inclined to think that no one deploras more than the Bishop himself does the extravagant utterances with which he finds himself credited.

Impulsive, earnest, and to a certain extent observant, the Bishop never fails to lay hold of anything which he may see or hear which may serve him as text or illustration. He "sees," for instance, a yellow placard on the walls bearing the inscription, "cheerful, popular, and entertaining." Here is a text which adapts itself at once to a previous train of thought. "Let all places of amusement," says the Bishop, "aim at these three excellent ends." Next day the public are a little shocked and a little amused, and the Bishop is horrified by finding the Episcopal remarks tacked on to the advertisement of a flash music-hall. "Referring to the management of the, etc., the Bishop of Manchester said, etc." People "tell" him all sorts of things, and he uses the information always in the cause of good; but as often as not the text of the discourse is proved to be founded either on ignorant gossip or on wilful deception. Thus it is that the name of the Bishop is frequently dragged through the mud, as it was in the Council last week by a member, one of whose weak sides is that few scruples interfere with him in the exhibition of a forced sort of wit which makes some folks laugh. These few remarks, written in a kindly spirit, have been suggested by very recent examples of the weak side of our excellent Bishop's character. Some of the examples have been of such a nature as to warrant the hope that the Bishop will try to take a little more heed to his ways. Such a man has splendid opportunities of being popular and doing good without treading a course which is in constant peril from the proximity of the gutter.

Our friend, Mr. Mark Tapley, who has got his family of three children down with hooping-cough, his wife confined to bed with an ague, and his servants laid up with sore throats, consoles himself with the reflection that his household was never before so rich in coffers.

LAIRITZ'S FIR WOOL OIL.—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER bears testimony to the great efficacy of Lairitz's Fir Wool Oil. For the cure of Rheumatism, Tic, Neuralgia, etc. Sold by L. BEAVER, 37, Cross Street, Manchester, and all chemists, in bottles from 1s. 1d. upwards.



AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—It is announced, with much regret, that the respected and popular Comedian,

MR. COMPTON,

Has been suffering for a lengthened period from a severe and painful malady, and is now compelled to relinquish all hopes of resuming his profession. At the earnest suggestion of many friends, private and professional,

A BENEFIT, AT THE DRURY LANE THEATRE,

Is now being organised. Mr. Chatterton, the lessee and manager, has kindly given the use of the Theatre, and the date has been fixed for Thursday Morning, March 1st, 1877.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

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J. W. Anson, Esq.
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Hon. Treasurer—C. W. Thompson, Esq., Guildhall, E.C.

Hon. Secretary—Charles Harcourt, Haymarket Theatre, S.W.

Bankers—Messrs. Bosanquet, Salt & Co., Lombard Street.

Private boxes as per subscription, stalls £2 2s., dress circle £1 1s., first circle 7s. 6d., balcony 4s., pit 3s., galleries 2s. and 1s.

The programme will be published at the earliest opportunity; in the meantime it is the object of the committee to make the subscription list as large as possible. Cheques and remittances to the order of the hon. treasurer, Mr. C. W. Thompson, Guildhall, E.C., may be sent direct. A list of subscriptions received will be published from time to time in the *Evo*. All inquiries, offers of assistance, co-operation, etc., should be directed to Mr. Charles Harcourt, hon. secretary, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, S.W.

OUR EASTERN TRADE: INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT.

AQUARIUM

TO INDIA WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Beautiful dissolving views and descriptive musical entertainment and lecture, illustrating the archaeology, manners, and scenery of our Indian Empire.

YOUNG MEN are INVITED to JOIN the **YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.** Central Offices, PETER STREET.

VALENTINES, 1877.—Just Arrived, the Finest and Largest Stock in Manchester. The trade respectfully invited to inspect, at BOHANNA, TASKER, and CO.'s, 98, Market Street.

BAPTISM OF CHRIST IN JORDAN.

THIS CELEBRATED PICTURE, BY E. G. LEWIS,

NOW ON VIEW, at H. WHAITE'S FINE ART GALLERY, Bridge Street, Manchester, from 10 to 5.

ADMISSION SIXPENCE EACH.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT after Mr. Judge Kay has ruled that policemen have no right to put handcuffs on men, he will also rule that policemen have no right to take bracelets off women.

That it would just be as well for society if Justice, in the form of a policeman, was sometimes handcuffed as well as blind.

That a distinguished Manchester solicitor has commenced to defend himself—from his clients.

That if any black-eyes are the result, Sir John Mantell says he'll put on heavy costs for a fee-sichian.

That it was extremely considerate of Mr. Barrister Jordan to attend the City Police Court, and state that his Scotch client had bolted.

That Mr. Jordan's feelings were so overcome by the flight that he wanted to sing, "Oh, where, and oh, where is my Highland laddie gone?"

That Mr. Headlam objected, on the ground that that wasn't a bar mess.

That the postmen were so dissatisfied with the number of valentines sent, that they all prayed devoutly for the sack—to be emptied.

That a policeman who was standing in Stretford Road with his mouth open, was mistaken by a cook for a post-office pillar-box.

That on discovering her mistake she gave him the cold shoulder.

That several Yarmouth bloters were posted as valentines, but were not forwarded to their destinations, at the postmaster objected to their scent.

That an old Jew in Cheetham has made quite a fortune out of the perfumed valentines, realising, in fact, shent per scent.

That Sir Joseph Heron and the Bishop of Manchester went to the Queen's Theatre to see "George Barnwell," and like the other big boys in the gallery, were disappointed that the execution was strictly private.

That Mr. Hugh Mason objects to intoxicating liquors being sold at bazaars for fear the ladies take too much—money, of course.

That in the subscription for the new schools for St. Albans's, in recognition of the mission, it is to be hoped everybody will remember the adage, "Every Little helps."

PROFESSOR MACLURE'S FIRST PUPIL.

THE *Jackdaw*, which takes as much interest in the welfare and prosperity of its advertisers as in its own, and is especially faithful in its goodwill towards its own proteges, has much pleasure in recording the brilliant success which has already attended the professional career of its distinguished nominee to the office of sole teacher of French, Manx, and other dead languages, to the Infirmary Board. As rival teachers may desire to know something of Mr. Maclure's method, the *Jackdaw*, which, though it has its favourites, knows no jealousy, gladly, with the consent of this enthusiastic Educational Reformer, gives the publicity of its ever widening, and as Mr. Maclure testifies, influential circulation to the following scenes, wherein the raw material and the finished pupil are exhibited side by side.

SCENE I.—*Professor Maclure's Academy, Cross Street.* The Professor seated, twirling a Birch in his right hand, and holding in his left a *Dictionary of Familiar Quotations.* Enter New Boy.

Professor Maclure. What is your name?

New Boy. Edward, sir.

Professor Maclure. Oh, I thought at first it was H. B. Never mind, Neddy, my boy, take a stool. What do you want?

New Boy. To be taught the dead languages, sir.

The Professor. Very good; I'm your man. With which language do you wish to begin?

New Boy. French, if you please, sir.

The Professor. Very good. Follow me, and let us construe the verb To Love—

Amo, amas.

I love a lass.

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

New Boy. A Mot. Am Ass.
I love, alas!

The Professor. Very good. If you go on like this you will soon be able to quote the classics at the Infirmary Board as well as I can.

SCENE II.—Meeting of the Infirmary Board. Time: last Monday. Mr. EDWARD JACKSON perorating with respect to some proposals which he did not like coming from the other side.

As the Greek poet observes: "Time O Danos, eat Donal Phee Rents." Collapse of Professor MACLURE, and general consternation of reporters, who imagine that the speaker has broken out in Manz.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

[BY AN OLD BOY.]

I AM not one of those who declaim at the time,
When I practised the follies of youth,
The recalling of these is a process which I'm
Very fond of, to tell you the truth.
I can never abide the curmudgeon who hurls
His abuse at the season of joys,
When the girls would insist upon acting like girls,
And the boys they would always be boys.

I reflect in a sorrowful way on my head,
Which, alas! is inclined to be bare,
On the tip of my nose that's decidedly red,
And the brow that is wrinkled by care;
In vain all his art the perfumer employs
On a wig with luxurious curls,
For it's only as long as the boys will be boys,
That the girls they will always be girls.

I would gladly return, if I only knew how,
To the frolicsome ways that I had,
And I try, but the girls will not look at me now,
For I have not the air of a lad.
I may fill up the wrinkles with powder of pearls,
A proceeding my skin which annoys,
But I find that the girls they will only be girls,
When the boys they will always be boys.

Old Time gives a tap on my shoulder, and winks,
As I'm searching another sad rhyme,
And he points to his scythe, and he says that he thinks
I am foolishly wasting my time;
Says he, "You have done with your season of toys,"
As the scroll of my years he unfurls;
But I sigh for the time when the boys would be boys,
And the girls they would always be girls.

THE TAILS THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM.

CAN any one imagine a respectable restaurant getting on without ox-tails and kidneys? These things represent the restaurant-keeper's *sine qua non*, and thereby hangs a tale. The butchers have been very much fluttered lately by the importation of American beef, as the aspect of many shops abundantly testifies by the manner in which it is decorated by placards. Now, as far as private citizens are concerned, the butchers have been practically fighting a losing battle. The public have taken to American beef, and will have it so long as it is cheaper than other meat. But not to mention kidneys, the absence of tails with the carcasses sent over from America gives the butchers a "pull," of which they would be very silly not to take advantage. Ox-tail soup and kidneys, cooked in various ways, are what may be called staple commodities all the year round, and can by no means be produced without tails and kidneys. The keeper of a restaurant, who buys large quantities of meat at a time, is naturally favoured by the butcher in this respect, and a fair share of the delicacies demanded is set aside for him; but when that man buys American meat things assume a different aspect. The English butcher then says, "Buy American meat if you like, but don't reckon on a supply of tails and kidneys from me; get them where you can, or do without them if you can." The man who has to cater for the public cannot do without tails and kidneys, and so, perforce, he must buy English meat. It follows, therefore, that unless we forego ox-tail soup and stewed kidneys in a restaurant, we must be content to pay nearly double what we ought to pay for a cooked steak. Perhaps this state of things will find its level

by-and-by. At present, for instance, an ox-tail or a kidney can hardly be had for love or money by the ordinary customer, they being bought up by the wholesale buyers. Were hotel-keepers and others to go in for American beef, we should be able to consume our kidneys and ox-tails at home. Such matters have a tendency to adjust themselves. Perhaps, by-and-by, this unforeseen hitch in the political economy of American beef will be noticed, and provided for by the sending over of the "tit bits" along with the carcasses. One thing is certain, that the cause of cheap meat shows every appearance of being about to triumph. Petty matters of detail of this kind can hardly long be allowed to obstruct.

MR. HUGH MASON AND BAZAARS.

MR. HUGH MASON made the perfection of a bazaar-opening speech for his friends the Congregationalists of Cheetham Hill, on Wednesday, at the old Town Hall in King Street, a building which seems now given up to the perpetration of these mild orgies. The speech was chatty, genial, and discursive—dealing frankly with delicate points—a pleasant and wholesome blend of good sense and good humour. It was full of good things—very provocative of pleasant merriment. "He was not quite sure that he was in his right place in opening a bazaar; he rather thought that opening a bazaar was the work of a woman." Well, Mr. Mason, where is the unfitness in your case? But the audience was very polite, and either did not or would not see the point, though an irreverent reporter has stuck in the word "laughter" at the close of the sentence. Mr. Mason went on to say that "his esteemed friend, Miss Lydia Becker, would have done it a great deal better than he could do." Why, Mr. Mason? Because she is a woman? Miss Becker, we must have you to understand, is a Public Man, ranking A 1 at the School Board, and will be in her proper place to-morrow afternoon when she lays the foundation-stone of the new Board-school at Harpurhey. Lastly, Mr. Mason having occasion to notice a friend of his who had got overcome in liquor at a bazaar which Mr. Mason had got up and indiscreetly furnished with a refreshment-stall whereat intoxicating drinks were sold, described him first of all as a gentleman, but then withdrawing that phrase and correcting himself, said, "No, not a gentleman, a cotton spinner." The subtlety and neatness of this distinction will be appreciated by those who know that Mr. Mason has in his time spun many yarns, both at the Albion Mills and the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and that he still spins. Lastly, Mr. Mason says every Independent minister should have

A Stipend of Five Hundred Pounds a Year.

So also says the *Jackdaw*—and every independent editor.

THE BISHOP AND THE "JACKDAW."

THE Bishop of Manchester, who, we know, always says a kind word for his familiar bird when he can, talked a good deal about the *Jackdaw* to the good people of Howe Bridge, whose church he consecrated last Thursday. He observed, truly, that he was a good deal noticed by the *Jackdaw*, but he added, with the philosophic composure of the drayman, who, justifying his submission for the sake of a quiet life to constant drubbings administered to him by a shrewish spouse, said, "It pleases her and doesn't hurt me." His lordship added, that but for himself and Sir Joseph (meaning the Town Clerk of Manchester), he did not think the *Jackdaw* could get on. We acknowledge the value of the services rendered us from time to time by both our distinguished contributors, but the Bishop does himself an injustice in supposing that these services are essential to our success, or even comfort. The *Jackdaw* survived its grief when Sir Joseph went over to Rome; and though the blow would be heartrending should the Bishop take it into his head to follow the Knight's lead, still with Knox-Little and Canon Bardsley, the Dean and the Pothouse Protestants, Mr. Fox Turner and the Police Geese, the Chamber of Commerce, the Town Council and the Presbytery, an occasional "Jolly Do" at Tyldesley, and the frequently recurring spectacle of another Public Man going wrong, we should never be quite so hard up for a text as his lordship must sometimes be for a sermon.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

A POPULAR PREACHER IN A FOG.

MR. WILLIAM BIRCH, jun., has written a letter to the local papers, in which, while attempting to defend himself from charges of unorthodoxy in religious belief, he manages to deny nearly every doctrine which Christian men of any sect have held to be necessary to salvation. In his weekly discourses, Mr. Birch is in the habit of saying some queer and many trenchant things, and some of these have apparently been misinterpreted, but any more damaging defence could scarcely be imagined than that which he has made. He says, for instance, as article 6 of his published creed, "When the Old Testament speaks of God, it is divinely inspired only where the record agrees with the divine and humane spirit of the Ten Commandments. Anything contrary or opposed to the divine and humane spirit of that law is the imperfect idea of men who wrote what they thought to be the truth; and because they thought it to be the truth, it was to them as God's word, and they wrote down God as the Author and Inspirer of the crimes which they recorded." If this embodies Mr. Birch's serious belief, we can only say that he certainly has not hitherto guided his choice of texts for discourse by the same rule. It is hard indeed to say how a man who deals with the Bible in this summary fashion can get up and read any portion thereof aloud with unction, or found any discourse thereon. If Mr. Birch's congregations are obliged to accept his dogma as to what is or is not true in the Bible, it will perhaps strike some of them that it would be better for the preacher to discard the Bible altogether, and give them a religion of his own. There would be less confusion in this, and probably just as much good would be done. We have always admired Mr. Birch with a sort of heretical admiration. It has been clear to us that he tries to do good, and does it; but we never thought him calculated to excel as a theologian. By attempting to stray into the higher regions he has got into a thorough fog, and possibly may draw a few enthusiastic disciples after him; but for our part, though we may admire and encourage Mr. Birch, the practical philanthropist and orphans' friend, we have nothing but the cold shoulder for Birch the theologian and founder of a new religion. Mr. Birch will do well to leave the Bible alone as a subject of controversy. It has puzzled wiser heads than his to very little purpose. Nevertheless, we deem it possible that if Mr. Birch had had anything to do with the writing of the Bible, that book would have been given to the world in a shape more conforming to the opinion and views of Mr. Birch, jun. Whether in that case it would have been a better book than it is, is another question altogether.

THE THEATRES.

A GREAT many people will be honestly glad when the pantomimes give way to other representations, as they must shortly. At the Prince's, "Sindbad" will be replaced by a series of plays in which Mr. Phelps will appear. This ought to be a sure draw in Manchester, and will be a welcome exchange after so many weeks of fooling, which, though excellent of its kind, is now growing somewhat stale. One novelty has been introduced into the pantomime this week—namely, the performance of the Garnella brothers, one of whom, standing on his brother's shoulders, throws a double somersault from that position, on which he again alights. This is a clever feat and looks dangerous, but is more adapted to the circus than the theatre. "Robinson Crusoe" continues its career at the Royal, and the fun does not flag, but a change will now be welcome. Some trifling relief might have been afforded by "George Barnwell," which, however, has been omitted this year, but has been performed at the Queen's with the usual result of tumultuous audiences. At this theatre has been presented, for the first time in Manchester, "Glin Gath; or, the Man in the Cave," one of the most remarkable dramas which it has ever been our fortune to witness or describe. It is written by the author of "Rough and Ready," and certainly does him no credit from any legitimate point of view. As far as we could

make out the story a wealthy Yorkshire gentleman, for some reason or other, takes it into his head to lurk in a cave or "cleft" in the side of a precipice in Spain, on the edge of which precipice he eats his food when he can get any, with his legs dangling. Hither to join him comes another person, apparently also a Yorkshireman, and the two fraternise. By-and-by, to the top of the cliff above the cave there arrive some more Yorkshire people—a country gentleman, his steward, and comic servant, and they have brought a rope, by aid of which to recover some diamonds, the property of another Yorkshire gentleman who had caused them to be deposited somewhere at the bottom of the abyss. The steward clammers down the rope past the mouth of the cave, and is watched by the Yorkshiremen inside. He then clammers up again with the diamonds in a box, and the "man in the cleft" (Mr. W. G. Herwyn) recognises him as an ancient enemy. He therefore discovers himself, and threatens to cut the rope unless he gives up those jewels. The jewels are surrendered and the rope treacherously cut. This of course complicates matters up above, and a general free fight ensues in which nearly everybody is either shot, stabbed, or smashed to pieces in the abyss. When the curtain falls on this it is evident that some people will have to be brought to life again, for no dramatist could afford such a wanton sacrifice of material. Accordingly in the next act all these characters turn up, just as if nothing had happened, in Yorkshire, and hints at murder, foul play, and robbery, are mysteriously in the air. "The man in the cleft" (Mr. W. G. Herwyn), who has now returned to his ancestral halls after being shot and smashed to pieces on Spanish rocks, has a daughter (Miss Willmott) who is unaware of those episodes. The two other dead men get mixed up somehow, and the daughter is made to believe that her father had murdered one of them. It then turns out that "the man in the cleft" has an adopted brother. This brother is not very filial in his feelings for some reason or other, nevertheless, he thinks better of it afterwards, and sacrifices himself heroically for the good of the rest. There is a good deal of double-shuffling between these brothers as represented by Mr. Herwyn, which is very amazing, and the amount of inexplicable villainy in the whole piece is simply blood-curdling. There are several things, however, in the plot which are left without explanation, hence the whole action is unintelligible. We are not enlightened as to the motives of that English landed proprietor in lurking in that cave in Spain, nor is it explained why any of the people went to that country, or who those diamonds originally belonged to, or why they were hid under the precipice, or what became of them eventually. In fact, as far as can be observed, there is not a single act, word, or incident of any kind in the drama possessing a motive. Yet, from its very outrageous absurdity and improbability, the play is amusing, which shows that authors of the class of Mr. Paul Merritt have at least sufficient brains to enable them to get a decent living.

A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

[BY A NOVICE.]

I LOVE the little lambs to view
In February hopping,
Though other signs of Spring are few,
And rain is always dropping,
With this intent
I lately went
The sight to seek
Of which I speak.

I wish I hadn't done it now,
For all my bones are aching;
The consequence, I must allow,
Of thus my pleasure taking.
Why should these sheep
Their revels keep
When times are so,
I'd like to know?

'Tis very well for lambs to skip
When breezes in the East lie,
But rheumatism in the hip,
Or in the back, is beastly.
I often crave
Those winds to brave,
But for my play
I always pay.

Dame Nature, sure, was in the wrong,
Who thus arranged the process,
For I have got objections strong
To colds in the proboscis.
Why did she not
To lambs allot
The month of May,
Or June, we'll say?

Those months would answer just as well,
The weather would be dryer,
Unless we prove—but time will tell—
The almanac a liar.
But almanac
Apart, my back
Afflicts me much,
The pain is such.

Skip, little lambkins, wet or dry,
Ye pretty creatures, play! Go!
What matters it to you that I
Am troubled with lumbago?
Though I am lame,
Not you I blame,
'Tis Nature's fault
That makes me halt.

Perhaps, since Nature cannot change,
And I have lost my vigour,
My visits I had best arrange
For months when lambs are bigger;
Although I know
That as they grow
In size apace,
They lose in grace.

One consolation I have got,
Though youth in lambs is fleeting,
That when so very young they're not
As yet mature for eating.
And then the peas,
And things like these—
I search the stem
In vain for them.

Cooks have their day, and Nature hers,
And—how I long to bite 'em—
We have not yet the cucumbers,
A necessary item.
I need not hint
At sauce of mint,
To name that weed
I do not need.

So as the palate and the eye
Together can't be sated,
'Tis well that 'neath the wintry sky
Young lambs should be located.
For thus, you know,
They've time to grow,
Till man desire
Them at the fire.

So, on the whole, I'll go no more
To see the lambkins skipping,
But wait until they turn before
A fire, with lots of dripping.
I'm fond of lamb,
Indeed I am,
Although too old
For damp and cold.

NEW BILLS IN PARLIAMENT.

WE hear on good authority that Mr. Charley has given notice of his intention to bring in a bill for the better protection of old women, especially to be applicable to Mr. Cawley's case.

Sir Edward Watkin will bring in a bill to prevent bailiffs from seizing a locomotive—going at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

Mr. Jacob Bright will move for the insertion of a clause in the Ballot Act, making it a misdemeanour for a man not to vote as his wife tells him.

Mr. Birley, with Mr. J. W. Maclure in his eye, will move for a commission of inquiry as to what is a Conservative.

ECCLESIASTICAL ANOMALIES.

A PETITION is being circulated by the Manchester Church Committee, to which it is to be hoped many signatures will be obtained. The petition prays Parliament to take into its consideration some of the extraordinary anomalies which are at present conspicuous in the administration of ecclesiastical law. The prayer is grounded on seven points, the minute examination of which would be tedious, but the pith of the matter is this—that ecclesiastical legislation as at present exemplified is one-sided and illogical. As was pointed out in the *Jackdaw*, for instance, a week or two ago, we have the spectacle of clergymen prosecuted, harassed, and even imprisoned, because, as it seems to many, and to the *Jackdaw* among the number, they do not choose to conform to the law-breaking practiced by the majority. We do not hear of clergymen being molested for the very common offence of omitting to wear the surplice in the pulpit; nor are those bishops attacked who break the rubric by celebrating the Holy Communion without a cope. Instances of this kind of legal inaction might easily be multiplied. It is only when a clergyman decides to stick to the rubric, whatever it may cost him, that he is in peril of legal proceedings. It may well be true that the majority of Churchmen, both clerks and laity, do not desire a strict enforcement of the rubric, and dislike surplices and copes; but this should only place them in rebellion, and by no means warrants the persecution of the minority. It is said on some sides that a few of the more advanced Ritualists go beyond the rubrics, but this has never been satisfactorily proved, and until it has been proved, acting on such knowledge which we possess, we shall continue to assert that they keep within the rubrics. The question is in such a muddle that, at any rate, the High Churchmen should have the benefit of the doubt, especially as their opponents are manifestly and undoubtedly in the wrong. There are many points in the rubrics which are openly and unblushingly ignored and set at naught by the Low Church majority, as they sin against the very plain text which has been confirmed by the judges whom they themselves have called in. There seems, therefore, to be considerable force in the concluding portion of the grounds on which the Church Committee frame their petition. These we recommend to the consideration of thoughtful people:—

"(a) Certain of the clergy are at present suffering prosecution, suspension, and other serious injury in consequence of certain decisions of the (late) Court of Final Appeal in Ecclesiastical causes; (b) which decisions have been pronounced by eminent authorities to be clearly incorrect in several important facts, and contradict the plain words of the statute law of this realm; (c) nor can such decisions be harmonised with each other; (d) the rubrical directions (confessed by the Court itself to be of doubtful interpretation) were strained to the prejudice of the accused, contrary to the usual practice of English law; (e) the ecclesiastical members of the Court were themselves men of pronounced views on all issues, and were personally interested in the decisions; (f) inequitable administration of the costs of the suits; (g) the curtailment of the liberty of the subject by making penal a number of innocent usages practiced by eminent bishops and divines of the Church of England during the last 200 years, no legislation on such matters having taken place since 1665."

NOW READY, Vol. I. of the *City Jackdaw* (bound in cloth); price, 6s. 6d.

WORMALD'S Celebrated Gout & Rheumatic Mixture.—For rheumatism and rheumatic gout, sciatica, neuralgia, tic douloureux, pains in the face and head gives quick relief in the most violent cases, and speedily effects a cure. In bottles, 15s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., from most chemists, or from the Proprietor, BRUSHFIELD.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

READERS of the daily newspapers will remember that famous piano which "a lady leaving Manchester" was wishful to dispose of. It had cost about sixty guineas, and would be sold for half that sum if bought at once, and for many months that lady threatened to leave Manchester, and appealed to the public to buy her piano. In fact, she must have spent the cost of a decent instrument in her persistent advertising. Then the announcement was altered a little, but it was still the same piano, and it could still be seen at the old place. We had come to the conclusion that the instrument had at last been disposed of, as we had not seen the advertisement for some time until the other day, when casually scanning the columns of a county contemporary, we came across our old friend—slightly disguised it is true, but unmistakably the same familiar article—in this shape:—

"Pianoforte offered by a gentleman leaving his house; less than half price; in Italian walnut wood, full Trichord Cottage, seven octaves, improved keys, by Collard and Collard; recent price, 60 guineas; under half this sum taken if bought at once. Open for inspection, — Terrace, Higher Broughton, Manchester, Monday and Tuesday next."

We have heard it suggested that more than one piano has been disposed of at blank Terrace, Higher Broughton, and that the advertiser finds the bait about half price a very profitable one; but then some people are ever ready to originate unkind remarks about matters of this kind. A confirmed tippler, meeting a friend one afternoon, was accosted with "Drunk again, John!" to which John replied, "No, s-same old drunk!" and we verily believe this is the same old piano—the friend of our younger days.

CARD-PLAYING in railway carriages is a subject which is inspiring the pens of many amateur correspondents. Much is said on both sides, but as yet the opposition seems to have the best of it in strength of language. No practical good can come of such a discussion as this. On the one hand, a game of cards on a long journey is a very useful and agreeable contrivance for passing time; on the other, to those who do not play, the practice is an undoubted nuisance, even when the "oaths and bad language" mentioned by one correspondent are absent. Mutual forbearance and the exercise of common sense will do more to accommodate this difference than any amount of windy discussion.

FROM a local business firm a suggestion, which appears excellent, comes with regard to the collections on Hospital Saturday. It is to this effect—that men who, for any reason, think they cannot afford to contribute out of their regular wages should do an hour or two's overtime during the week, and give the money thus earned. The suggestion comes somewhat late from us, but it is already before the public, and has doubtless been taken advantage of. The firm in question—Messrs. Craven Brothers, of the Vauxhall Ironworks—have promised to put facilities for this in the way of their men, and they justly argue that by a little extra labour the men would be able to contribute to the hospitals without diminution of their weekly income. We are not quite sure how far this proposal fits in with advanced views on political economy, or how far it will be agreeable to the narrow trade view of work and wages. Perhaps it will be argued by some astute philosopher that the matter is as broad as it is long, and that the man thus acting is merely discounting his own future earnings, or dipping his hand for charitable purposes into the pockets of his fellow-workman; but the broad answer to this is, that as long as nobody feels a penny the worse by the transaction no great harm will be done, and that as Hospital Saturday only comes once a year, political economy, or what passes for such, might very well be allowed to slide for the occasion.

ONE more suggestion with regard to Hospital Saturday and Sunday, for which we are indebted to the Rev. John Henn. It is that working people who feel it a strain to contribute a lump sum once a year might easily put by a monthly sum ranging from a penny or twopence. A plan of this kind is, we understand, already adopted by the employes of one firm in Manchester.

It is proposed to raise a sum of money as practical recognition of the services of the Rev. W. J. Knox-Little in connection with the recent mission, and the form suggested is a donation towards the new Cheetwood schools, the establishment of which the reverend gentleman has long had at heart. In furtherance of the design we gladly publish the appeal in this column:—

"MANCHESTER MISSION, 1877.—It being generally felt that some acknowledgment should be made of the labours of the Rev. W. J. Knox-Little during the recent mission, and it being known that he is at present most anxious that New Schools should be erected and completed as early as possible in Cheetwood, a suggestion has been made that many would be glad to assist in carrying out an object, in which he is so interested, as one permanent Memorial of the Manchester Mission of 1877. If any to whom this suggestion may be acceptable will kindly communicate with Mr. John Evans, 17, Brazennose Street, Manchester, arrangements will be made for a meeting of those desirous of carrying out the project.—Manchester, 12th February, 1877."

A COUPLE of pictures are now being exhibited in Manchester, which differ widely in subject, treatment, and scope. One is Miss Thompson's latest picture, the return of the "Light Brigade." It is, we think, an infinite improvement on the "Roll Call," inasmuch as it exhibits in a marked degree variety of character and incident. Fine as the painting in the "Roll Call" is, it failed to please the eye altogether, on account of a certain primness of exact detail unrelieved by stirring illustration, which left too much to the imagination. The present picture is not only highly suggestive, but also stirring and realistic, while the painstaking study which was so remarkable a feature in the "Roll Call" is here exhibited in an equally marked degree. The picture will be for some time on view at the institution in Mosley Street.—Mr. Whaite is also exhibiting, at his gallery in Bridge Street, the "Baptism of Christ in Jordan," by E. G. Lewis, a work which, while it has no pretension to the first rank among artistic productions, yet has very great merit. The subject is not one which an ambitious modern painter would choose, as there is room for little besides mystic treatment, and mysticism nowadays is admitted to be out of date in art. Still, however, if we must have religious paintings it is well to have them, as in this case, giving an accurate representation of geographical features, and avoiding as much as possible the grotesque. The landscape painting is especially worthy of commendation in this picture, and the figures and costumes are picturesquely rendered.

THINGS are coming to a frightful pass in the history of the Swinton and Pendlebury Local Board. At their last monthly meeting, the members of the board had to discuss the appointment of an inspector of nuisances, and a scene ensued which simply "beggared description." To say that some of the members of the board were outrageously violent, and that their language was abominable, is merely repeating what the newspapers say. Somehow or other, the inspector of nuisances was at last appointed, and we heartily wish that that gentleman will feel his first duty to be to rid society of the greatest nuisance he will ever come across—the irrepressible members of the Swinton and Pendlebury Local Board.

WORMALD'S COUGH SPECIFIC.—The most agreeable and effectual remedy ever introduced for the cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis, and asthma. Sold by most chemists, in bottles, 134d. and 2s. 6d. each, or may be had direct from the Proprietor, Shadell Hill, Manchester.

MR. F. S. POWELL'S REVELATIONS.

IT was very kind of Mr. Powell to make a special journey from London to instruct that small gathering of women and children at Bradford-cum-Beswick on Tuesday night. It was no doubt a great sacrifice to him to leave town, and it was not a pleasant thing to spend the night in a train on his return journey. Some day we trust he will meet with his reward, but not in the shape of a seat in the House of Commons. We cannot afford to have Mr. Powell chained to Westminster half the year. It is bad enough to lose Mr. Cawley and Mr. Charley during the session, but take Mr. Powell also, and what are we? A great consolation in the defeat of Mr. Powell, here and elsewhere, is that we can have his services occasionally when other men are engaged with legislative functions. Had it not been for the return of Mr. Bright, last year, Mr. Powell could not have been spared to Bradford-cum-Beswick on Tuesday night, and a larger circle would have been deprived of his eloquent speech, as they got it in the newspapers. We might not have discovered too, for some time to come, what a false-pretending hypocrite Mr. Jacob Bright is; what dangerous doctrines he holds, and has dishonestly hidden from us; what evil designs he has upon our good old Church; how thoroughly he duped us in February, 1876; and how determined he now is upon the complete destruction of the Church, the confiscation of its revenues, and the degradation of its priests. Our eyes might have remained closed to the falseness of Manchester politics, and we might never have known what a candid, honest politician our "guide, philosopher, and friend," Mr. Powell, is. It was painful to notice how completely we have been imposed upon in the expression of surprise on the faces of his audience as Mr. Powell made his revelations. They were stunned; for a time they could not credit their ears; the gaily-dressed ladies forgot that it was past the time for dancing to commence; they, in their astonishment, checked not the attempts of their young offspring to commit suicide by swallowing whole oranges and cakes; they gave up counting the few—alas! too few—bluetied young men calculating how many ladies there were to one gentleman; and wondering whether the gentlemen would not be tired out before they had gone all round; and speculating who amongst them Mr. Bennett, the swell of the party, the gentleman in spruce evening costume who adorned the front of the little platform, would choose to lead off the ball with. All such idle thoughts were abandoned as the gravity of the dreadful situation became clear to them, and when at length they fully comprehended it, and found their tongues, they vented their blazing indignation in deep bass shouts of "Shame." Thank you, Mr. Powell. You have done this suffering and cheated community good service; but don't come again too soon. We couldn't stand another visitation at present. Those of us whose nerves are not shattered, or who are not mourning over our demolished idol, are suffering from aching sides. Besides, it injures the pantomimes.

FOGIE PAPERS.

(BY AN OLD FOGIE.)

ON A HALF A CROWN.

THIS happens to be the sum total of my worldly wealth to-day, and as I finger it I am reminded of that half crown which I lent to Brown about a month ago "just till to-morrow." Of course, he has never paid me. I did not expect that he would, and therefore I do not exactly regret that money, but I cannot help reflecting that if I had it now I should be possessed of five shillings. There are lots of things to be done with five shillings which cannot at all be managed at the cost of half a crown. There is some deep philosophy in this thought if you only dig for it. Consider what a difference the possession of two half crowns instead of one may make to a man on certain occasions. As, however, I have no desire to spend money just now, I will not pursue this part of the subject any more, but return to the coin which I lent to Brown—rather, I did

not lend it to him, I gave it. That is the way in which I looked at the matter at the time. Every man as he grows older acquires improved notions as to the value of money and its uses. I must say that I have not grown close-fisted like some of my friends whom I could mention. I am still fond of doing a good turn, even though it may cost money, but I have come to the conclusion that the lending of money is an annoying and heart-breaking process. Supposing, for instance, a dear friend were to come to me and ask for the loan of a shilling out of my solitary half crown; I think I should have the courage to refuse. I should turn the coin over in my pocket as I turned the matter over in my mind, and I should come to the conclusion that the thing wasn't fair. There is so little difference between the possession of two and six and the possession of nothing at all that, were I to comply, that man would have very nearly as much as I had. What is sixpence? Added to a shilling it makes up eightpence, and that is all that is to be said about it. Now, supposing that my friend should come to me when I have plenty of money (which happens seldom), I should say, "Yes, certainly; how much more will you have? Take this;" and then probably I should shove five or ten shillings into his fist. I should do this, however, with a clear understanding that the transaction was not a loan, though it might seem to take that form. When I lent Brown that trifling sum I did not expect him to repay me, though he vowed that he would; he always does—and always breaks his vow. Of course, I didn't put it that way; I said, "With pleasure, my boy," and he replied that he was much obliged, and mentioned the hour and minute of repayment. Have I said that hour and minute passed without any pecuniary transaction of the kind specified taking place? I think I have several times. You see I have a respect for Brown, and did not like to hurt his feelings by saying, "Here is the sum which you ask for, I know you will not repay me, I have plenty more and shall not miss it." But, for all that, these were my sentiments. He will read this, and think I am talking about somebody else. Probably he has long ago forgotten all about that transaction. He has a very convenient memory, has Brown. Now I come to the application. Suppose I had had that half crown on my mind all this last month, and had gone about seeking for Brown, and finding him had observed, "Oh, by-the-by, can you make it convenient to repay me that half a"—? Supposing, then, Brown had repudiated the debt, or had pleaded poverty, should I not, besides the month's anxiety of mind, be placed in an uncomfortable position? Thus, you see, by always refusing to lend money which I cannot afford to lose, I avoid much discomfort. When, on the other hand, that half crown which I ungrudgingly bestow passes into Brown's possession, the responsibilities connected with that sum of money pass with it. For a day or two Brown will go slinking about with this loan on his mind. He will not be able to look me in the face; he will erroneously suppose that I am as anxious as he is. By-and-by he will forget all about it, and will meet me boldly just as if no such thing had happened; and I shall think meanly of him, though, after all, I try not to. The passing of money between friends, except in the way of business, always involves some form of unpleasantness, but it is only fair that the person who gets the money should bear the larger share of annoyance. Therefore, I recommend this rule as an excellent one for all: Give if you can afford it, but never lend money.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the City Jackdaw, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

A. W. Thomas.—Your letter is unavoidably crowded out. We are glad, however, to admit your corrections of the article—viz., that you did not give unconditional support to the directors of the Athenæum, but only supported them on the question of Mr. Freeman's lecture. We did not intend to convey any imputation of inconsistency.

Whither? Q. C.—Not a withering piece of satire.

RECEIVED.—A. W. M.; Concell; Englishman; J. J.

DECLINED, WITH THANKS.—A number of contributions with reference to Valentine's Day.

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